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PREMIER ISSUE!

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COVER STORY

***High Society LIVE*'s own Annie Ample was once Muhammad Ali's "ring girl." This is her personal, torrid account of life in the fast lane of Pro Boxing.**

FRANKLY SPEAKING

***LIVE*! brings you fascinating, shocking profiles of America's sexual pioneers. We begin with Mistress Belle de Jour, the Grandmother of S&M.**

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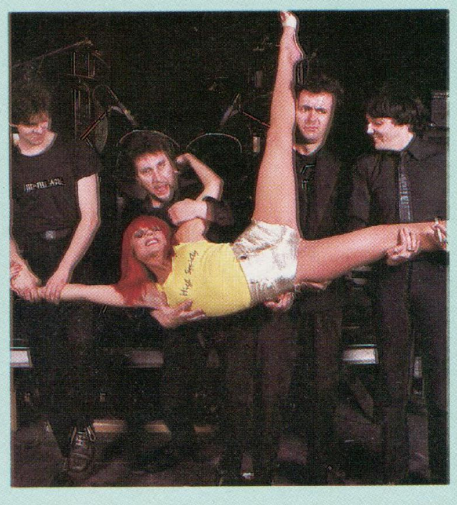
Special Projects Editors Annie Ample, Candy Samples, Cherry Bomb and friends go "on the road," making headlines from coast to coast! Here we see Cherry Bomb busting out at L.A.'s Renaissance Faire, and rock 'n' roll legend Cherry Vanilla "interviewing" England's top punk-rock group, The Stranglers.



LIVE! SPORTS EXTRA

By ANNIE AMPLE

"I WAS AN ALI'S ANGEL"

Everyone recognizes our covergirl, Annie Ample, from the pages of High Society. *But did you know that she was once one of "Ali's Angels," an elite group of beautiful women hand-picked to be "ring girls" for the Champ? In Annie's book, Muhammad Ali really is "the greatest."*

This is my tale about life in the fast lane of Professional Boxing. It involves me as one of "Ali's Angels"; my association with the Muhammad Ali Amateur Boxing Association; and my friendly infatuation with the controversial fight promoter, Harold Smith. This is the whole truth, and nothing but, so help me . . . .

My story really begins years ago in San Diego, where I grew up. Papa was a big boxing fan, and often took me along to watch the Saturday-night fights at the Coliseum. We'd sit high up in the bleachers, watching those beautiful gladiators slug it out. I always cheered for the winner—but even then I felt sorry for the loser, too. To this day, it upsets me to see some poor palooka get knocked all over the canvas.

By the time my adolescent juices began to flow, I was an avid fight fan. It was the sheer power and grace of the boxers that attracted me most. Every chance I got, I would sneak off to a downtown gymnasium to watch the fighters work out.(Papa would have been spitting mad had he known!) The scene was a real trip for a young, maturing girl, and the masculine aromas that permiated the gym had a strange, unsettling effect on me. I'd stand by the ring, hypnotized, as I watched the boxers spar. Sometimes beads of sweat would fly off their bodies and land on mine. I loved it! And as I matured into full womanhood, it

"Harold Smith had more 'ice' on his fingers than a South African diamond mine."

excited me even more. I became obsessed with the force and strength of their shining, muscled torsos, and began to wonder what that masculine power would feel like in bed. Yes, I find the fight game very sexual indeed. After all, doesn't every woman dream about big, strong—and yes, brutal—men?

My first remembrances of Muhammad Ali date back to those early years. One day Papa told me about a brash young fighter from Louisville, Kentucky, who dared to challenge Sonny Liston for Heavyweight Championship of the World. The young fighter's name was Cassius Clay. Papa told me that, even though this Clay fellow had won the Gold Medal for boxing in the Olympics, he didn't stand much of a chance against a bruiser like Liston. Naturally, since I always root for the underdog, I was in Clay's corner. I settled down in front of the television, munching on a bowl of popcorn, and waited for the bout to begin.

Cassius Clay stepped into the ring like a panther, a black beast on the prowl. Even in the earliest stages of his career, he exuded confidence, superiority, and contempt for his opponents. Then the bell rang. Liston was flat on his feet and came on like a bull, throwing plenty of punches but not landing one. Clay was like a ballet dancer, always on his toes, weaving, ducking, waiting for an opening. He kept Liston at bay with his long left jab, then closed in with a right that could knock down a brick wall. By the end of the day, the world had a new Heavyweight Champion, and I had a new hero.

Soon after that, Cassius Clay renounced what he called his "slave name" and became Muhammad Ali. He cut a record called "I'm the Greatest"; of course, I immediately ran out and bought it. On the flip side, Ali sang the soul classic "Stand By Me." Little did I imagine then that, someday, I'd be doing just that.

Life went on. Ali had his title stripped from him, then came back to win it for the second time by using his "rope a dope" strategy to deck George Foreman in Zaire. Remember how the crowd kept chanting "Ali! Ali! Ali!" over and over again? Meanwhile, I'd "grown up." No longer the skinny little teenager who used to hang around the gym, I became a model. And through all the years, I followed the meteoric rise of the young fighter who had impressed me so many years before.

Then one fateful day, my agent called. "Annie, I've got an audition lined up for you," he said. "But first let me ask you something . . . Do you know anything about boxing?"

Did I know anything about boxing! "Does Smokey the Bear know about forest fires?" I asked him. When he told me that the audition was to select a group of models to become "ring girls" for Muhammad Ali, I almost dropped the phone. I immediately imagined myself parading around Madison Square Garden with the Champ himself. Not many people get the chance to see fantasies like that come true.

The audition had been arranged by a man named Harold Smith. Yes, that's right, the same Harold Smith who's in hot water for allegedly embezzling a million dollars from the Wells Fargo Bank. Of course, I didn't know anything about that then. But I did know that Harold Smith was one of the most beautiful black men I'd ever seen. His fingers flashed more "ice" than a South African diamond mine, while his beard and mirrored sunglasses added just the right amount of mystery.

Harold explained that the Muhammad Ali Amateur Boxing Association wanted to develop a group of girls to be known as "Ali's Angels." The chosen few would travel with the Champ and sit ringside at his fights. Between rounds, we would climb through the ropes clad in bathing suits and strut around the ring, holding up a card to announce the round number. After the audition was over, they told me I'd been picked as a future Ali's Angel. Well, not too many things shock me, but this time I was floored. It was a real TKO!

I hadn't even met Ali yet when they sent me off to my first assignment, a bout in Minnesota between Scott LeDoux and Ken Norton. Although the two of them slugged it out for 15 rounds, Ali's Angels were the biggest hit of the night. As soon as I returned to San Diego, Harold called. "Can you fly up to L.A. tomorrow?" he asked. I didn't even bother to unpack. This was it. . . . I was finally going to meet the Champ himself.

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"The young Irish fighter sucks my breath away as he crushes his lips to mine."

Ali's Angel

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Harold met me at the airport in a shiny new limo that must've been a block long, and whisked me off to Ali's executive offices. Looking back, I guess I was naive at first, but I soon came to realize that there was more to Harold Smith than met the eye.

When it came to the physical comforts of Ali's Angels, he was sweet as could be. He took care of our clothing, our beauty-parlor appointments, our travel arrangements and our dinners. He even paid for some of the girls to have their teeth polished. Yes, Harold obviously had plenty of bread, and enjoyed spreading it around. But his rap was slicker than slick, and as we waited for the Champ my radar began warning me, "Look out, girl, I think you're being set up for something." Then when I was told that Ali had been called out to an emergency lunch with his promotion people, I was sure Harold was either stalling or conning me. That's when he started telling me about the parties.

Let me tell you, these bashes made all the other Hollywood parties look like Romper Room. Whatever you wanted, you got. It was life in the fast lane for sure . . . but as we partied into the morning hours, I wondered. How could a fighter go the distance after one of these? Ali did show up at several but he always left early, before the real action began. This man knew his business, and he knew how to take care of himself. And that's why he is the Champ.

I have a confession to make. Though the Ali's Angels' parties were wild in the truest sense of the word, I never did lay a glove on the Champ or anyone in his entourage. But hanging around with all those burly men, with all that *machismo* pervading the air, sent my fantasy gauge into overdrive. To this day, I imagine making love to one of those virile, modern-day gladiators. There's one particular hunk, a young up-and-coming Irishman with a cannon for a left arm, who's been haunting my dreams for some time. My fantasy goes something like this . . . .

I am sitting ringside in Madison Square Garden. He is the challenger, fighting for the Heavyweight Championship of the World. It is his most grueling bout, but he emerges victorious. As the cheers of the crowd reverberate through the Garden, he jumps through the ropes, scoops me up in his arms still dripping with sweat, and carries me to the locker room. There he lays me down, ever so gently, on the work-out table. Then, without saying a word, he leans over and practically sucks my breath away as he crushes his lips to mine!

There are a hundred reporters outside the room, banging on the door to get in, but it's bolted and there's plenty of time for us to explore each other. My fingers entwine in his shock of red-orange hair, and I guide his head down between my legs. My pussy floats like a butterfly as his tongue stings me like a bee! Slowly, this massive Irish fighter probes my body with his hands and mouth, so intensely that my love button starts doing the Ali shuffle.

The pounding on the door continues, and it's a turn-on that the people out there know exactly what's going on. He never loses a stride, and I can't count how many times I come, but this is no ordinary 15-rounder! By the time he finally lowers himself onto me, my heart is beating like a punching bag. I am so excited, I can hardly stand it! I am his . . . completely.

Ali's Angels were on the road a lot that year, and the Champ proved to be a real pal. If you've ever seen or heard him clowning around with Howard Cosell, you know he has an incredible sense of humor—and the man can tell one heck of a dirty joke, too! Traveling with the Champ and his people was an unforgettable experience for me. In my book, Muhammad Ali truly is "the greatest," both as a person and as a fighter Remember the "Thrilla in Manilla," when Smokin' Joe Frazier had him on the ropes? Ali reached down inside himself for that something extra that made him the Champ and came on again, pulverizing Frazier to win the bout. And how about the time he took Leon Spinks apart to win the championship for the third time? No one's done that before, and no one ever will again.

Eventually, life returned to normal, and I became an ex-Ali's Angel almost as quickly as I became one. But I was left with many cherished memories, and I'll always adore my hero, Ali. It broke my heart to see him lose to Larry Holmes; but no matter what he does or where he goes, Muhammad Ali will always be the Champ to me.

Embarrassing Moment

(Continued from page 44)

to the West Coast and I was carrying my briefcase on the plane, but just before we went through the metal detector/security check, I had to go to the bathroom. So I gave my briefcase to Georgina and asked her to check it on through and I would meet her at our seats. As soon as Georgina went through the check, security guards surrounded her and they demanded to see what was in the briefcase. It seems that when they X-rayed it, a strange figure had shown up and it looked suspicious to them. When Georgina tried to open the briefcase, she realized that I had locked it and still had the key, so she told the guards that she thought it was a hair dryer. Finally I arrived and the guards made me open the case. When they pulled out the dildo, Georgina and I were mortified. She kept telling them to put it down, that kids were all over the place. I tried to play it cool and joked, 'Oh, it's okay, I washed it!' But Georgina still kept freaking out and the more upset she got, the louder the people who were waiting on line behind us laughed. It was embarrassing, but it was hysterical, too!

GLORIA LEONARD: A few years ago, I reflected on the fact that I'd never had the thrill of back-seat sex. Sure, I necked and petted in my share of cars but I'd never "gone all the way" in one. My lover suggested a drive to upstate New York one summer evening and I jumped at the opportunity to finally enjoy some "auto-erotica!"

We pulled onto a perfectly dark and deserted lane and proceeded to engage in the preliminaries of lovemaking. But just as I was about to land a tiger in my tank, a bright light rudely interrupted our passion, accompanied by the gruff voice of a state trooper who inquired as to what "we were doing there." My frustrated date implored, "Officer, we were only necking," to which the trooper replied, "Okay, pal. Put your neck back in your pants and move along."

SAMANTHA FOX: I had one of the most dreaded things happen to me while filming a sex scene with Ron Jeremy. I had my period that day, so I had not one, but two (cosmetic) sponges inside my pussy. (That's what the actresses use due to the small size and their good absorbency.) Well, like King Tut, Ron stuck his big sceptre in me and pounded away. All of a sudden I feel something strange, but I'm in disbelief. A sponge could not have just landed outside my vagina and on his balls. So I turned around and looked at the cameraman, and without even having to say a word, he says, "Cut!" Ron was so into it he was completely oblivious to what had happened and started screaming, "What are you doing? I could cum right now! I'm losing my hard-on!" Meanwhile, like a whore in a bordello, I go running through the studio all naked and sweaty, holding two paper towels around my pussy, one in front and one in back, past all these shocked people, trying to find a damn bathroom!

MARLENE WILLOUGHBY: Well, there are a couple of times I could have just crawled up and died, but this was *the* most embarrassing. I was pretty young—still living at home even. Anyway, I came home with this guy I was dating and I didn't think anyone was there. We were really turned on and right in the entrance way I knelt down and gave the guy a blow job. Then we went on the couch and had a really hot fuck. When we finished, we went over to his apartment—for more of the same. While I was there, my sister called me and told me that my mother had been home the whole time we had sucked and fucked—she had been hiding in the closet. She had heard us coming in and she wasn't dressed, so she jumped in the closet thinking we were just going to be a few minutes. When we started getting into it, Mom couldn't come out, so she stayed hidden. I was so embarrassed, I didn't know what I was going to say. Then when I finally did come home, she never mentioned—I guess she was more embarrassed than I was!